

Good Morning 692

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sportsmen, artists, film stars, and a host of other successful people are left-handed but once they would have been thought "odd," says Frank Gray.

Left-handed? Then You're All Right

DURING the war years it has been noticed that many more children appear to be left-handed. Still more, for no reason, have shown a tendency to be ambidextrous.

There was a time when a certain school of thought were of the opinion that being left-handed was some sort of a "kink"; perhaps because a youngster had been thwarted in some way and this was its way of rebelling. Others—and they may well appear to be right—think left-handedness is inherited.

Some children have been born—millions, I think—whose parents are perfectly normal, yet they prefer to use the left hand. A check into the past history of the family has, in most cases, unearthed the fact that a grandfather or grandmother was left-handed.

Bearing in mind the subject of left-handed people, it is interesting to note how many left-handed folk have become famous in their particular sphere of life.

Charlie Chaplin, considered the greatest comedian of this era, is left-handed. So is Jessie Matthews, one of our outstanding musical comedy stars.

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, it was noticed when they planted some trees a short time ago, were using their left hand. But then King George, when he used to play tennis at Wimbledon—he was a first-class player—used to play left handed. Yet, when he plays golf, billiards, and goes out shooting, the King uses his right hand.

In some professions the ambidextrous young man is often at an advantage. Ambidexterity is of infinite value to an

ophthalmic surgeon. Many a great snooker champion, too, has found it of value if he can use both hands with confidence.

Walter Lindrum, the Australian billiards player, and the world's best, is a natural left-hander, but, if needs be, can play better than most champions while using his right hand.

It is noticeable that many men who have been left-handed have shown outstanding qualities of leadership.

The late Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, General Foch, who led the Allied Armies to victory in

Compton has, of course, played for Arsenal and England as a left-winger, while Edrich was for several seasons the Spurs' outside-left.

Another outstanding figure in the sporting world who is left-handed is Kay Stammers, our tennis star.

Earlier I mentioned Walter Lindrum, the world champion billiards player. A natural left-handed player, he used to spend hours in a locked room, even as a very small boy, learning new strokes. All the time he played with his left-handed stance. Later his father used to watch how his lad had improved, and give him hints.

One day, giving his "home work" to Lindrum, Senior, young Walter rather surprised him by playing all his frames while using his right hand. By long practice he had made himself almost as proficient with one hand as with the other. Which proves what can be done by study and training. A large percentage of left-handed people, I might add, have noticed how quickly they can become ambidextrous if they put their heart into their preparatory work!

It has been noticed that some of our most talented artists and designers are left-handed. In fact, left-handed people are very prominent when it comes to creative work.

Leonardo da Vinci, surely one of the most talented men who ever lived, painted his masterpieces with his left hand, although in later years, according to old records, he became ambidextrous—and rather enjoyed it!

Many writers, after suffering from "writer's cramp," attempt to become as proficient with their left as their right, but it does not often work out so well as the other way round. Barrie, however, wrote many of his great books using his left hand.

In the old days, when people feared that to be left-handed meant that there might well be some insanity in the child, they did everything possible to try and stop the youngster being "cack-handed." To-day, however, few attempts are made to stop a child from using its left hand after the first suggestions are resented. For, with the passing of the years, we have learnt to appreciate that to be left-handed is no sign of weakness.

The greatness of the "left-handers" I've mentioned, if nothing else, has killed what was for centuries a great superstition.



"H'm. Looks as though that musical saw artiste is determined on an audition whether you like it or not, sir!"

World War No. 1, and many of his staff officers, were left-handed. The armistice of 1918 was signed by Foch, who was left-handed, and it was noticed at the time that the German who followed Foch also signed with his left hand.

Just think of the outstanding figures of sport who have been left-handed! One of the finest captains, A. P. F. Chapman, of Kent, was a left-handed bat. So was that other great man of Kent, Frank Woolley, as graceful a cricketer as ever stepped on to the Test pitch.

To-day two of England's best all-rounders, Denis Compton and Bill Edrich, both of Middlesex, are ambidextrous. Both bat and bowl with their right hand—but on the football field they fill the outside-left position, being stronger in their left boot than their right.

It would take months to see your estate

PERHAPS you didn't know you owned about 60,000 acres of the countryside? It's one of those little things that sometimes slip the memory.

Of course, about 48,000,000 people are co-landlords with you, but this vast country estate is as much yours as anybody's.

It is the land the National Trust looks after for you; land they have bought on your behalf, or which has been handed over to them by big land-owners to belong to the nation for keeps.

Parkland, moorland, hill-tops and woodland—it's some of the most beautiful in the whole United Kingdom. It's worth millions.

And it will never be built on, or quarried or knocked

about It will hold its natural beauty for your sons, their sons, as well as for you.

There's another 25,000 acres where, though they haven't handed over the title deeds to the National Trust, owners have agreed to preserve the land in its natural state.

It goes on increasing, this country playground. Just recently 70 acres of Leith Hill, Surrey, 60 acres of woodland in County Durham, and Mullion Island off the coast of Cornwall, have been added—lovely bits of the old country, all of them.

It would take you a long time to go round your country estate. It's all over England, Scotland and Wales—in nearly every county—and includes some 400 plots of land.



Lieut.-Commander O. St. John signs on the dotted line—with apparent enjoyment.

Tantivy Among the (School) Girls

AN unexpected and welcome girls in connection with the surprise greeted the pupils of the Barrow Grammar School to the Pacific, and invited for Girls when they resumed their lessons following the VE holiday.

This was an unheralded visit from twelve officers and men from H.M.S. "Tantivy," the submarine which that school adopted in June, 1943. The naval men arrived in time to join in the morning prayers, and their leader, Lt.-Commandr. St. John, read the lesson.

Later, the men spoke to the

was presented to the school recognition of the kindness and interest shown to them by the pupils sent a parcel of books and games to the submarine each month, and extra gifts, such as soap, shaving cream and writing materials, on other occasions. The girls of this school also send gifts regularly to H.M.S. "Telemachus," although that submarine has not been officially adopted by them.



P.O. Ronald Bengough tells his tale to an attentive audience.

Animals are News

IT IS going to take a bit of time to get the London Zoo back to its pre-war condition. They had to kill off some of the more dangerous occupants—principally snakes—in the early days of the war in case a bomb let them loose, and someone met a python or rattle-snake coming round the corner.

But many of the favourite beasts and birds went off to Whipsnade to enjoy the countryside and wait for peace.

Some of the Zoo buildings were knocked about by missiles that were flying round before Jerry signed on the dotted line and promised to behave.

So there will have to be some money spent to get back to that finest collection in the world of which the Zoo could boast back in 1938. And, apart from that, the beasts, birds and fish have got to be dug up from their natural quarters all over the world.

Expenses won't be slight, and

the Zoo has lost a lot of money through the war.

In 1938, 1,816,000 people passed through the turnstiles at a shilling a time (children 6d.). A nice little sum for the owners. But in 1944 only 312,000 paid to enter—and that was 27,000 better than in 1943. Every bit helps. So if you chaps come across a giant panda, or maybe only a woola woola bird, you might stuff it into a spare torpedo tube and bring it home.

RABBITS all over the country are sitting up and taking notice. It isn't only that they're worried about the post-war era, with more guns in the woods and more of those neat little bits of wire in the hedge-

rows. The National Equine Defence League has offered the sum of £1,000 for a humane trap to take the place of the steel-toothed gin trap which causes so much agony to its victims. (I always thought "equine" had to do with horses—but it seems they take it in rabbits too.)

War-time saw rabbits taking an important place in the national economy. For the first time, perhaps, the enormous ravages they made in the harvest became apparent in its full force. And their usefulness in helping us to eke out the meat ration gave them a new significance.

Shortage of guns and cartridges, and shortage of men to use them, have led to every

labour-saving device being employed in catching them, and many old steel-tooth traps which lay rusting in farm buildings and country houses have been given an oiling and set in the woods and fields.

It is a cruel way of trapping—but the trouble is to get an apparatus which does the job as well, yet cuts out the pain. That is what the N.E.D.L. is seeking, and it hopes that the modicum of cash awaiting claimant will encourage inventors to get really busy on the job.

Maybe some of the lads coming back from the war will think all that is needed is longer pockets in greatcoats.

D. N. K. BAGNALL.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first

to "Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1

SHE WAS WAITING AT THE CHURCH, BUT HE WAS LOST IN THE BLIZZARD

VLADIMIR endeavoured not to lose the right direction. But it seemed to him that more than half an hour had already passed and he had not yet reached the Jadriño wood. Another ten minutes elapsed—still no wood was to be seen. Vladimir drove across a field intersected by deep ditches. The snowstorm did not abate, the sky did not become any clearer. The horse began to grow tired.

At last Vladimir perceived that he was going in the wrong direction. He stopped, began to think, to recollect, and compare, and he felt convinced that he ought to have turned to the right.

He turned to the right now. His horse could scarcely move forward. He had now been on the road for more than an hour.

Jadriño could not be far off. But on and on he went, and still no end to the field—nothing but snow-drifts and ditches. The sledge was constantly

being overturned, and as constantly being set right again. The time was passing; Vladimir began to grow seriously uneasy.

At last something dark appeared in the distance. Vladimir directed his course towards it. On drawing near, he perceived that it was a wood. "Thank Heaven!" he thought, "I am not far off now."

He drove along the edge of the wood, hoping by-and-by to fall upon the well-known road or to pass round the wood. Jadriño was situated just behind it. He soon found the road, and plunged into the darkness of the wood, now denuded of leaves by the winter. The wind could not rage here; the road was smooth; the horse recovered courage, and Vladimir felt reassured.

But he drove on and on, and Jadriño was not to be seen; there was no end to the wood. Vladimir discovered with horror that he had entered an unknown forest.

Part 2 of The Snowstorm By Alexander Pushkin

Despair took possession of him. He whipped the horse; the poor animal broke into a trot, but it soon slackened its pace, and in about a quarter of an hour it was scarcely able to drag one leg after the other, in spite of all the exertions of the unfortunate Vladimir.

Gradually the trees began to get sparser, and Vladimir emerged from the forest; but Jadriño was not to be seen. It must now have been about midnight. He drove on at random.

Meanwhile the storm had subsided, the clouds dispersed, and before him lay a level plain covered with a white undulating carpet. The night was tolerably clear.

He saw, not far off, a little village, consisting of four or five houses. Vladimir drove towards it. At the first cottage he jumped out of the sledge, ran to the window and began to knock. After a few minutes the wooden shutter was raised and an old man thrust out his grey beard.

"What do you want?" "Is Jadriño far from here?" "Is Jadriño far from here?" "Yes, yes! Is it far?" "Not far; about ten versts."

At this reply Vladimir grasped his hair and stood motionless, like a man condemned to death.

"Where do you come from?" continued the old man.

Vladimir had not the courage to answer the question.

"Listen, old man," said he, "can you procure me horses to take me to Jadriño?"

"How should we have such things as horses?" replied the peasant.

"Can I obtain a guide? I will pay him whatever he pleases."

"Wait," said the old man, closing the shutter, "I will send my son out to you; he will guide you."

Vladimir waited. But a minute had scarcely elapsed when he began knocking again. The shutter was raised and the beard again appeared.

"What do you want?"

"What about your son?"

"He'll be out presently; he is putting on his boots. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"Thank you; send your son out quickly."

The door creaked; a lad came out with a cudgel and went on in front, at one time pointing out the road, at another searching for it among the drifted snow.

"What is the time?" Vladimir asked him.

"It will soon be daylight," replied the young peasant. Vladimir spoke not another word.

The cocks were crowing, and it was already light when they reached Jadriño. The church was closed. Vladimir paid the guide and drove into the priest's courtyard. His sledge was not there.

But let us return to the worthy proprietors of Nenara-dowa and see what is happening there.

Nothing.

The old people awoke and went into the parlour, Gavril Gavrilovich in a night-cap and flannel doublet, Praskovia Petrovna in a wadded dressing-gown. The tea-urn was brought in, and Gavril Gavrilovich sent a servant to ask Maria Gavrilovna how she was and

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What is the length in yards of (a) the English statute mile, (b) the geographical mile?
2. What is the length of the Cesarewitch racecourse?
3. What is the common name for copper sulphate?
4. How far can you see from a height of 50 feet?

5. Which is more digestible, turkey or goose?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Tea, Lemonade, Coffee, Bitter, Ginger-ale, Cocoa.

Answers to Quiz in No. 691

1. 480.
2. About 1½ miles, (1.825 miles).
3. 1½ inches.
4. 6½ miles.
5. Turkey.
6. Brass is an alloy; others are simple metals.

The Things People Do

BORN deaf and dumb, Mr. Alfred Thomson, recently elected to the Royal Academy, has shown what hard work and sheer guts can do.

It was while a boy at a deaf and dumb school that he decided he was going to be an artist.

They tried to dissuade him, and talked of carpentry or tailoring, but young Alfred was determined to paint, and did.

In spite of the terrible handicap of not being able to hear what people said or of not being able to talk—except by signs—he stuck to his profession. Now he has arrived at the top.

Although he is now able to pronounce a fair number of words, he relies to a large extent on writing down what he wants to say, and these notes he elaborates with swiftly-sketched drawings.

As a war artist he had one extremely unpleasant adventure. He was fired at by a sentry whose challenge he did not, of course, hear, and wounded.

After that he always had someone to accompany him on his official business.

If ever you exceed the speed limit in a pub in the Tower Bridge district, you may find yourself facing "Her Worship." She's Miss Sybil Campbell, London's first woman stipendiary magistrate, and she handles the cases before the court as well as any man.

Old lags may think that a stretch behind the bars given them by a woman is adding insult to injury. There are first offenders who have been impressed by this kindly-faced, grey-haired woman sitting on the bench.

When she's not at her seat in court, her worship is tending her flowers in her garden at Bletchingly, Surrey.

WHEN Captain T. E. Halsey, of H.M.S. *King George V* reached Australia recently, he must have thought of the last time he was there. That was in 1921.

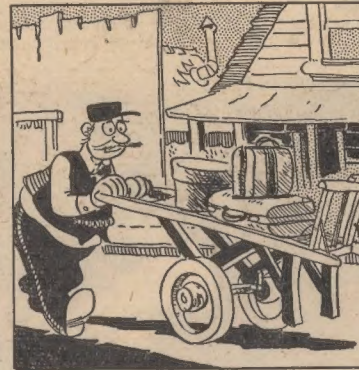
It wasn't in a ship of the Royal Navy: and it wasn't as Captain Halsey. It was in the liner *Osterley*: and the rank was A.B.

He signed on the old coal-burner and became a member of the Firemen's Union, joining the Seamen's and Firemen's Union on reaching Australian waters.

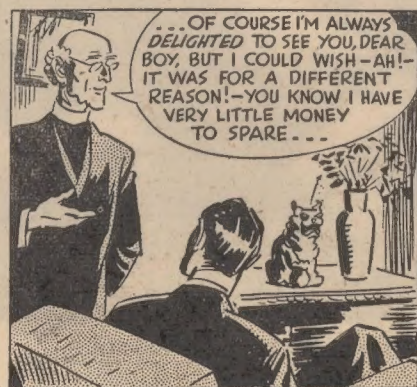
THE Egyptian police searched everywhere for Abdel Fattah Salem, municipal tax-collector, wanted on a charge of embezzlement. Salem had slipped his bail, and for four years seemed to have vanished. But the other day they found him.

He was serving as a policeman, having done his course at the Police College and obtained his passing-out certificate.

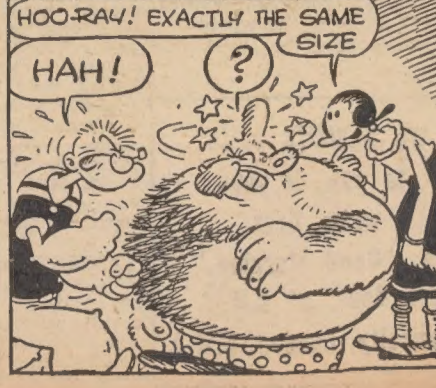
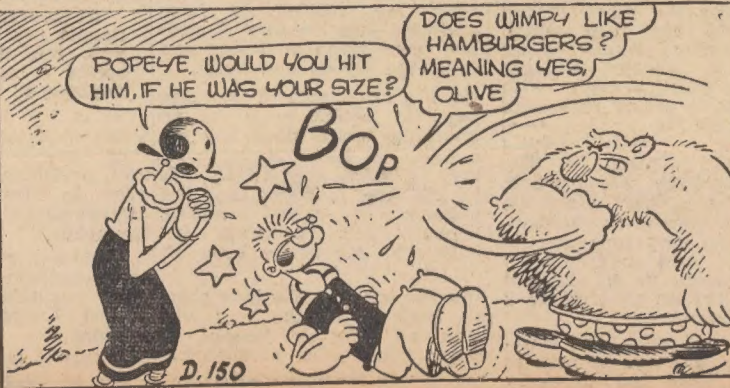
BEELZEBUB JONES



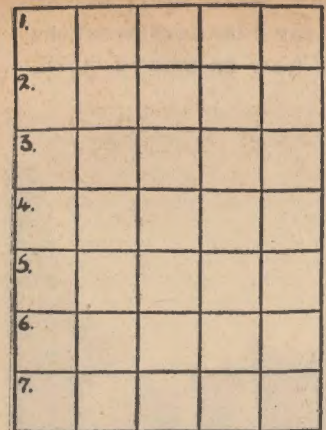
BELINDA



POPEYE



PUZZLE CORNER



When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre

JANE

The Snowstorm

(Continued from Page 2) asked Gavril Gavrilovitch. "Better, papa," replied how she had passed the night. The servant returned, saying Masha. The day passed happily that the young lady had not slept very well, but that she felt better now, and that she would come down presently into the parlour. A doctor was sent for from the town. He arrived in the evening and found the sick girl delirious. A violent fever ensued, and for two weeks the poor patient hovered on the brink of the grave. Nobody in the house knew anything about her flight. The letters, written by her the evening before, had been burnt; and her maid, dreading the wrath of her master, had not whispered a word about it to anybody. The priest, the retired cornet, the moustached surveyor, and the little Uhlan were discreet, and not without reason. Tereshka, the coachman, never uttered one word too

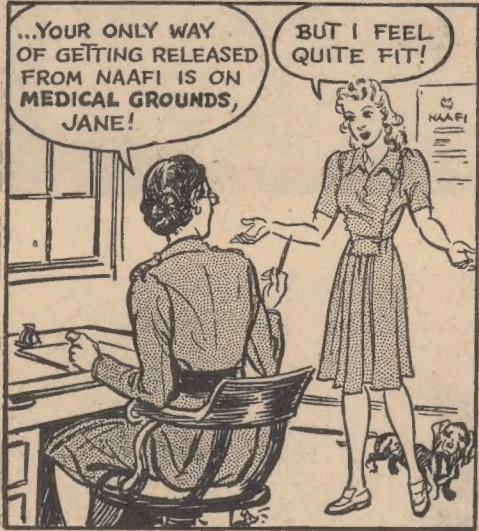
much about it, even when he was drunk. Thus the secret was kept by more than half-a-dozen conspirators. But Maria Gavrilovna herself divulged her secret during her delirious ravings. But her words were so disconnected that her mother, who never left her bedside, could only understand from them that her daughter was deeply in love with Vladimir Nikolaievitch, and that probably love was the cause of her illness. She consulted her husband and some of her neighbours, and at last it was unanimously decided that such was evidently Maria Gavrilovna's fate, that a woman cannot ride away from the man who is destined to be her husband, that poverty is not a crime, that one does not marry wealth, but a man, etc., etc. Moral proverbs are wonderfully useful in those cases where we can invent little in our own justification. In the meantime the young lady began to recover. Vladimir was not seen for a long time in the house of Gavril Gavrilovitch. He was afraid of the usual reception. It was resolved to send and announce to him an unexpected piece of good news: the consent of Maria's parents to his marriage with their daughter. But what was the astonishment of the proprietor of Nemaradova when, in reply to their invitation, they received from him a half-insane letter. He informed them that he would never set foot in their house again, and begged them to forget an unhappy creature whose only hope was in death. A few days afterwards they heard that Vladimir had joined the army again. This was in the year 1812. For a long time they did not dare to announce this to Masha, who was now convalescent. She never mentioned the name of Vladimir. Some months afterwards, finding his name in the list of those who had distinguished themselves and been severely wounded at Borodino, she fainted away, and it was feared that she would have another attack of fever. But, Heaven be thanked! the fainting fit had no serious consequences. (To be continued)

Wangling Words No. 631

1. Behead a connection and get writing material.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: Ear-ightyandaththey.
3. What common word has DINA for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The downward path — when youngsters go out on nightly —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 630

1. S-tick.
2. Look at my lovely lilac, lilies and lavender!
3. RefRESHment.
4. Beseech, beeches.



VERY HOT AIR

LATEST version of famous U.S. Lockheed Lightning, the P-38L, has maximum speed of 425 m.p.h., phenomenal range of more than 3,000 miles, and service ceiling of over 40,000 feet. Will be used in Pacific Theatre.

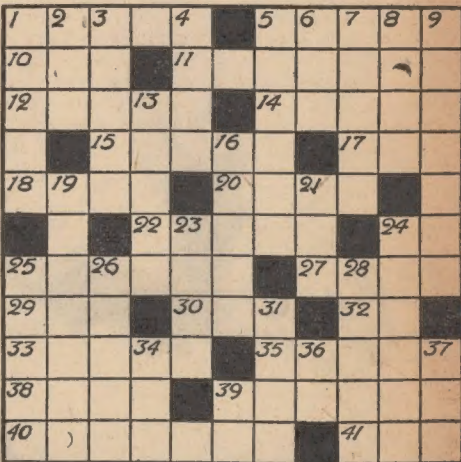
NEW Jap fighter, "Frank," the Nakajima O4 single-seater, low-wing monoplane, does 420 m.p.h., powered by a 2,000 h.p. Homare 21 radial engine. This is too good to be funny. Ahoy, Spitfire XIVs and Tempests! Lily 1 is another new Jap light bomber. Made by Kawasaki, it has two 950 h.p. radials, giving it a maximum speed of 285 m.p.h., and a range, with 800lb. bomber load, of 1,000 miles. This model doesn't sound too hot.

THE U.S. Air Technical Service Command is experimenting to see if it is possible for troops to be picked up by an aeroplane while it passes overhead. With the help of a nylon rope, it is hoped to scoop a soldier up without endangering or even discomforting the "victim." Experiments are continuing.

TOKYO has been getting a taste of Allied air power for quite a while now. First Super Fortress (B.29) to visit Tokyo was called "Tokyo Rose." First B.29 to give Tokyo the axe was called "Postville Express." In recent attacks on the capital, Curtiss SB 2 C-4 Hell-divers added their weight, being the first dive-bombers to do so.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

OAK	AIR	DOT
FLAIL	ELIZA	
FLUTE	WAGON	
ORE	GAMIN	
SWIMMER	TEA	
A	SANDY	G
WAD	RESOLVE	
REFIT	DUE	
ROBIN	BERRY	
IMAGE	ALIVE	
PAR	ROY	DEN



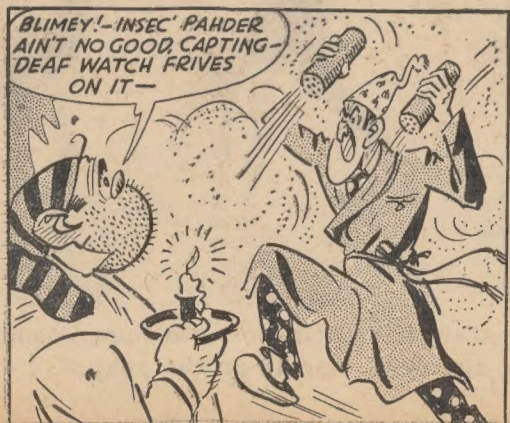
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



- CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Soft bread. 5 Confronts. 10 Not burning. 11 Hard stone. 12 Lead. 14 State of Asia. 15 Ant. 17 Unusual. 18 Restrain. 20 Flesh food. 22 Antelope. 24 French "of." 25 Famous novelist. 27 Stuff. 29 Simian. 30 Ocean. 32 Pronoun. 33 Trivial. 35 Dull. 38 Female animal. 39 Be incumbent on. 40 Strong gale. 41 Novel.
- CLUES DOWN. — 1 Amusing. 2 Shrub. 3 Complete. 4 Ointment. 5 Attach. 6 Girl's name. 7 Song of joy. 8 Girl's name. 9 Sports ground. 13 Colour. 16 Dodge. 19 Visionary. 21 Officer assistant. 23 Go on. 24 Case in nouns. 25 Soothe. 26 Black. 28 Yorkshire city. 31 Assert. 34 The lady. 36 Exclamation. 37 Moisture. 39 Remain.

Good Morning



There isn't any caption we can think of, except that the morning sunshine shows she is having a cup of morning tea, and she's conscious that a spoon is advisable.



WILTSHIRE VILLAGE

The "Flemish houses" were built in the seventeenth century for Flanders weavers who taught the locals how to weave cloth.



"I didn't say you were a donkey, and, anyway, I was told Blackpool is famous for its donkeys, but there's no need to be personal about it."



"That guy thought he could keep his saddle, but it's more than one star he'll be seeing when he hits the dirt. Cowboy, nothing!"



They remind us of the Kiwi shoe-polish girls getting into position. Wonder which gets the better view, the sand worms or the seagulls?